





# womans *sunday mirror*

July 6, 1957

No. 10

Halfpenny

## IS THIS THE SMALLEST WAIST IN THE WORLD?



By GABRIEL PLAYS

**A** 12-year-old girl, who is the smallest in the world, has been measured at 2ft. 10in. and weighs 25lb. She is the daughter of a Frenchman and an Englishwoman.

**Height**  
The girl, who is the smallest in the world, has been measured at 2ft. 10in. and weighs 25lb. She is the daughter of a Frenchman and an Englishwoman.

**Weight**  
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Re-printed from the London,  
England Sunday Mirror -  
June 16, 1957



THE MAN IN THE ABOVE PICTURE is a guy named Aspen Peikov. The foos is Ava Gardner's. If you think that Mr. P. is kissing that tootsie just because he's nuts about it, you're too innocent to be running around loose. Mr. Peikov is kissing that tootsie because he's just received a large pile of MGM cash for doing Ava's statue.

"The Continental Touch . . ."

## EXOTIQUE

. . . dedicated to FASHIONS,  
FADS and FANCIES . . .

No. 19

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

\* \* \*

This special Correspondence Issue (No. 19) is presented twice-yearly. EXOTIQUE is now just two-years 'young', but we feel that in that short space of time we have made many friends . . . and no few enemies. In either case, we do want to hear from all of you - whether it be to praise us or to berate us. We try to please the greatest majority, but we have no way of knowing unless you, the readers write in and let us know.

Of course, there will always be those few puritanical souls who are ever-ready to condemn anything that they themselves cannot or will not try to understand. In this country - fortunately, judgments on matters of thought and taste are not handed down iron-clad from an unchallengeable authority. People see for themselves and

finally, judge for themselves. That is as it should be. It is our tradition and our practice. In the "court of public-opinion", we'll take our chances.

Our policy is - and always has been - to open our pages to discussion - pro and con - on all matters pertaining to fashions, fads and fancies. Perhaps you prefer extreme beels, or tiny - waist-pinching corsets. Maybe, on the other hand, you think them silly and ridiculous. That's entirely up to you yourself. This is a free world and everybody is entitled to their own thoughts. We would hate to see every female on the street compelled to wear ultra high-beels just as we would hate to see them abolished. It's not the beel that's the question. It's the simple word - "compulsion". . . . Just because someone else's views are different from your own . . . well, you know what we mean. Just be sure that we will go on publishing EXOTIQUE as long as there is a free press in this country, and when that ceases to exist, I don't think any of us will be in a position to care much one way or the other. . . .

THE EDITOR. . . . .

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## THE LETTER BOX: . . . .

where the readers gather to  
express their views - pro, con  
and absurdum . . . .



NOTE: The editor regrets that it is  
impossible to place readers in comm-  
unication, either by exchange of add-  
ress or otherwise.

Dear Miss Louise:

I enjoyed EXOTIQUE No. 14 so much that I  
thought I owed you a note of appreciation. As a  
male admirer of beautiful, high-heeled shoes,  
your poses and stylish footwear were ideal. Also,  
thanks to you, I'm becoming converted to leather  
clothing in general and to leather corsets in par-  
ticular. My idea of the ultimate in beauty, is to

be dressed in tight, black kidskin with the added touch of shimmering, patent-leather pumps with repier-like heels. To me, the penetrating bouquet of warm leather and perfume is practically irresistible. What a tantalizing and thought-provoking combination!

It is a pity that EXOTIQUE does not have any color reproductions. Your tangerine colored leather skirt and satin blouse would be even more appealing. Striking boots and shoes of various hues would be most delectable.

I also enjoyed looking into your shoe closet. It was a startling collection of shoes and footwear from neat, sling-pumps to the gems of captivating boots with their breathtaking long spires. Now fortunate you are to own such delightful and fashionable footwear.

I am looking forward to seeing this letter in print.

L.G.H., Rhode Island

Dear Editor:

I have been an avid reader of your fine magazine from the very first issue. You have certainly come a long way since then and I'm sure that even greater things are forthcoming.

There is, however, one thing that I have looked for in each and every issue, but without any luck. That is - a design of some type of

bizarre and exotic costume - preferably in leather. Something that we readers could actually have made by a competent dressmaker or costume-maker. I am quite sure that some sort of offering of this type would be welcomed with open arms by a great number of your readers.

I, for one, expect to become a professional "female-impersonator" in the near-future. I have entertained my friends in this manner for a good number of years, but so far I haven't had the courage to go out and face the public in female attire. The closest I ever did come to this was last New Year's Eve when I and another male friend decided to go to a costume hall in dresses.

I wore a red satin sheath dress, red satin pumps and black mesh stockings. I also managed to borrow a long blonde transformation that finished off the outfit. My friend had on a black velvet gown, black pumps and sheer black nylons - also a red, page-boy wig. To be quite truthful about it, we both made a fetching picture.

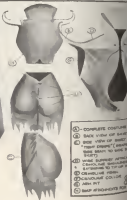
See if you can't get one of your excellent art staff to turn out a design that we can have made and wear - either professionally or for "kicks".

R.W., Denver, Colorado

Ed. Note: Thank you for the wonderful suggestion, R.W. The next two pages should make you happy.



- ① COMPLETED MASK AND EYEBROWS
- ② WIRE FRAMEWORK OF MASK
- ③ SIDE VIEW OF WIRE FRAME FOR MASK AND PATTERN FOR EYEBROWS
- ④ CIRCUMFERE, PROJECTING ONE INCH FOR PIECE OF CLOTH TO BE SEWN BETWEEN MANTLE AND CLOTH MASK.



- ① COMPLETE COSTUME
- ② BACK VIEW OF BODICE COLLAR
- ③ SIDE VIEW OF BODICE SHOWING "MANTLE DROPS" (SHOULD HAVE BEEN MADE TO HAVE SEAM AT BUST)
- ④ WIRE SUPPORT ATTACHED TO CIRCUMFERE, PROJECTING ONE INCH + SEWING TO TOP OF MASK
- ⑤ CIRCUMFERE PATTERN
- ⑥ CIRCUMFERE COLLAR
- ⑦ AKA RT
- ⑧ MAP ATTACHMENTS FOR CAP

- ① COMPLETED SHOE
- ② LEATHER FRONT PIECE
- ③ LEATHER TOE PIECE
- ④ LEATHER TOE PIECE



- ① CIRCULAR HORN
- ② GLOVE SEAM
- ③ CIRCUMFERE BUILT - CURVED TO FIT CIRCUMFERE OF GLOVE - SET VERTICALLY AT SEAM
- ④ COMPLETED GLOVE



Dear Tana:

I can't say that I go for female 'pretties' - except on women - but I could use a good springy corset. Health belts and elastics are absolutely no-good at all. They offer neither comfort nor support. But what are we to do? A man can't very well harge into some women's shop and order a corset.

I fail to understand the tahoo on corsets for men. Certainly, there are thousands of the male sex that could use a good trimming down or straightening up. I feel that if corsets for men were displayed and advertised openly, there would be a most lucrative market, and why not? All it needs is for some brave soul to start the ball rolling.

Many famous figures in history wore "stays", and up until the last war, officers of all the armies used corsets to set off themselves and their uniforms. Not any more, however. Wrist watches and umbrellas were once considered effeminate. Women have stolen our pants - why can't we steal their corsets?

C.O., Bronx, New York.

Dear Editor:

Your wonderful little magazine "Exotique" is very welcome around here and each new issue is eagerly awaited. I have been fascinated by the



See letter from "Slave to the Heel", Trenton.



ultra high-heel for some time now. I am also fortunate in that I have a lovely wife who delights in rendering her husband helpless before the throne of her gleaming stilts. She has many and varied pumps in several different kinds of leather, all with heels of at least 4 inches, and ranging up to a true stilt of 6 inches. She never wears heels less than 4 inches and her arch is so highly curved that she walks in spikes as easily as if she were wearing 'loafers'.

For dancing or the theatre, she dons one of several pairs which have beautiful slender heels of 5 inches and one pair in suede with 5½ inch spikes. Her most thrilling shoes, however, are a pair of custom made gleaming black kidskin sling pumps with open toes and a slender, incredible heel measuring a full 6 inches. Other accessories of her costume include a tight slit satin skirt, white frilly blouse, a wide, patent-leather belt, sheer black stockings, and long, tight-fitting elbow-length black kid gloves. She also has a specially made tight patent-leather sheath with a white leather belt which sets her figure off to perfection. Occasionally, with this outfit, she will don her riding spurs to add to the effect.

I am enclosing some snapshots which I took recently. I hope they can be reproduced for other readers to see. The first one shows the stilt-heeled pumps mentioned above. The second one shows her

patent-leather sheath with the 5 inch cincher-belt. You can also note the high, tight collar. At the time this particular photo was taken, the dress was still on the dressmaker's dummy being finished up. Now it fits her to perfection and sparkles and ripples with reflected light as she parades back and forth in her exquisite, stilt-heeled pumps. I regret that I do not have any shots of my wife in the dress at the present time, but you can be sure that I will send some along to you very shortly.

Keep up the good work, "Exotique" and let us hear more from the readers.

"Slave to the Heel", Trenton, N.J.

Dear Editor:

Bravo! Encore! Bis! More! . . .

Please keep the presses rolling. The standards of beauty and the imagitaveness of ideas and costume in your pages are grand. Those of us who believe that an arched instep on a high, spike heel, a tiny waist - laced in between an ample bosom and hips, soft arms sheathed to the shoulder in glistening kidskin, frilly, frothy lingerie, heavy jewellery and striking make-up . . . are all essentials to real beauty should not be deaded. Conversation can only come from belief and belief can only come from knowledge. I am happy to say that my lovely wife's 5 and 6 inch heels are now well-known in a wide circle here.

If the enclosed reproductions of two of my

very amateurish drawings are of any interest, you are welcome to publish them.

Congratulations on your fine work.

J. T., Washington, D. C.



Dear Ed:

In behalf of a group of eight young women - aged 18 to 37, regular readers of EXOTIQUE, I would like to congratulate your very unusual and interesting publication.

We would like to suggest, however, a phase so-far, overlooked by your writers and illustrators, but nonetheless quite a popular fad among the fems. . . . tattooed bodies!

Of course, tattooed girls are not intended to be as conspicuous or as obvious as in the case of the male sex, but you can believe me when I state that most all of the girls here delight in adorning their epidermis with intricate designs.

In our particular case, one of our more artistic members has become quite 'professional' and occasionally borrows a 'machine' from a nearby tattooing shop to use on us.

We all enjoyed the "Education of Stephanie" and would enjoy seeing more of the same type of books. We would like to make one suggestion. . . . From the feminine point-of-view, we all agree that Stephanie's friend would have much greater appeal to your feminine readers if she had been somewhat more mature. Stephanie, herself would also have had much more confidence - had her friend, Margie been a lovely, voluptuous and experienced woman in her late 'thirties' . . . much more qualified as an advisor.

We would enjoy seeing some photos of the following 'Exotica' if possible:

Pepper Lee,  
Tempest Storm  
Sande Marlowe  
Flame Kelly  
DeDe Murphy  
Frenchy LaVonne  
Texas Sheridan

I know it's asking a lot, but we'll settle for just a few of the above.

From eight pleased readers - thanks for a delightful magazine. You may be assured of our continued patronage and good wishes for your success.

Jacqueline, Los Angeles.  
(For All)

Ed note: Luckily, Jacqueline, we happened to have shots in our files of every one of the artists that you named. Hope we can always please you as easily. Quite often we are asked to oblige our readers with certain types of photos and/or drawings which we would like to present, but cannot due to the many local and federal restrictions. We try, at all times, to keep well within the limits of decency and good taste. The photograph on Pg. 21 of Pepper Lee is a good example. Certain censorship restrictions had to be met before we could print the photo.



Miss Pepper Lee - West Coast Burlesque and  
Night Club Star. . (Note tattoos on both legs.)



Tempest Storm



Sande Mariowe



Flame Kelly



DeDe Murphy



Frenchy LaVonne



Texas Sheridan



See letter from J.M., Houston . . .

Dear Tana:

After half a lifetime of seeking . . . and hoping, I have finally come across the "girl of my dreams". Here is how it happened . . .

Each day after my work is done, I get on one of my horses and ride across my vast property. I do this for two reasons. First, to get a certain amount of exercise and second, to check on my holdings. On this particular day, The wind was blowing across the earth and kicking up a considerable amount of dust. Suddenly, through the dust I saw her.

At first I thought I was seeing things, but as I got closer, I could see that she was a real flesh and blood female. . . but what a female. Her ebony hair was whipping across her forehead half-concealing her classic features. She wore a black leather mask over her eyes. Her curves were cloaked in a sort of sheath, but with slits up both sides all the way to her hips. A severe leather waist-cincher pulled in her waist to almost nothing. Over her shoulders she had on a leather cape that also was being whipped around by the wind.

Sheer black opera-length stockings covered her perfect legs and below the knees I could see she had on a pair of black leather boots with ultra high-heels. Spurs were tightly attached to the heels of the boots. Her arms were sheathed in black kidskin all the way up to her shoulders and in one clenched

fist she gripped a wicked-looking riding crop.

As I approached her she didn't move, but just waited as I climbed out of my saddle and walked to her side.

"I've been waiting for you," she whispered.

I could hardly believe my eyes or my ears. Where she had come from, I hadn't the slightest notion. I couldn't see another horse anywhere around. It was really a mystery.

Again she spoke: "Shall we go?"

I didn't answer her for fear of breaking the spell, but hipped her up into the saddle. We both rode back to my house together and she followed me as I opened the front door and entered. It was getting dark by this time, and the inside of the house looked dark and gloomy. Suddenly, the lights went on and I heard a chorus of voices:

"Surprise!"

I blinked a few times and the realization came to me. . . this was my birthday and all of this was a gag - pulled on me by my well-wishing friends. Everything had been planned - even the wonderful woman I had found.

Well, to make a long story short, this was the beginning of a new life for me. I finally married Gwen last month and we're both supremely happy. She likes what I like and she knows how to dress to please me. Fortunately, we can afford the best and so all of her clothes are

custom made of the best quality leather and her shoe closet is full of beautiful footwear - all with extra high heels.

I hope to be able to take some photos to send you shortly, but perhaps in the meantime, one of your wonderful artists can fill in. . . .

J.M., Houston, Texas

Dear Ed:

When I was a little boy, an older girl dressed me in some of her clothing. This incident has influenced my entire life since then. I have an incessant desire to dress up as a girl and as I grow older this desire grows with me.

Right now I have on a tight girdle, a pair of white nylon panties, a lovely satin slip, a sweater and a newly-purchased sheath skirt of satin. Dark nylon hose are tightly gartered to my girdle and my feet are crammed into a pair of patent-leather pumps with 4 inch heels. I have on pancake makeup, rouge, eye-shadow, lipstick, nail and toe polish and a pair of huge hoop earrings. Actually, I look quite feminine and with a wig on I could fool most anybody.

How about more pictures of men being dressed in women's clothes?

B.K., Boston, Mass.

Dear Ed:

I want to write and congratulate you on the publication of the most interesting and enlightening magazine of this era. My wife and I are delighted with every issue and anxiously await the next edition. Needless to say, we find both the articles and the illustrations just wonderful.

We were particularly interested in an article in issue No. 11 entitled "The Weaker Sex (?)". We would like to see more stories and articles of this type in future issues. The author of the article, Sylvia Sapper, certainly knows what she is talking about when she says some women are vastly superior to the average man in strength and wrestling ability. My wife happens to be just such a woman.

I think my wife, Betty, is an excellent example of the kind of woman the author had in mind. She is a strikingly beautiful, junoesque woman who looks ten years younger than her actual 35 years. She wears her jet black hair shoulder-length in an exotic coiffure and pencils her eyebrows just enough to set off her black sparkling eyes and stern features. Just a look at her face will warn any man that she is not a woman to be trifled with.

Betty's figure needs no support, even at 35, but she likes to wear lacy black undergarments. The filmy, two-piece outfit really does justice to her magnificent 42-inch bust and 38-inch hips,

especially since her waist is only 25 inches. In her highest (5-inch) heels, Betty stands a fraction over 6-feet 4-inches in height. Although, trim and curvaceous as she is, she is so unbelievably solidly constructed that she weighs 172 pounds.

To match Betty against the average man in physical encounter, would be like pitting a cat against a mouse. Within seconds, Betty would have him helpless and at her mercy. Obviously, he would give up to her, but whether she would accept his surrender is another thing. It would depend on which of her usual three moods she happened to be in at the moment.

The normal, matter-of-fact Betty would release him and accept his surrender. In one of her rare, mean and sadistic moods, she would insist on manipulating him over the precipice of unconsciousness before stopping. Drastic as this may seem, it is still preferable, in my opinion, to Betty's playful, teasing mood where she may spend as much as two or three hours putting her unfortunate male opponent through intricacies of her own special type leading to his complete and abject humiliation.

Betty is very often willing to test the ability of the male half of couples who are friends of ours. In the 8 years of our marriage, I have seen her defeat innumerable husbands, to the complete astishment of both the victim and his wife

who witnessed the bout. On the average, she engages in these matches about twice a month. In these 8 years, I have only seen her defeated once - by an ex-judo instructor of the Army. She has had half-a-dozen draws, but at present, her winning streak stands at 23.

We attend many social events and several house parties in the course of a year. Betty is always the life of the party, and usually most willing to show her ability before the guests. Our close friends, who have often seen Betty in action, usually talk her into a wrestling contest with any newcomer.

Betty's legs are, of course her most potent weapon. They are long, full and lovely, developed by exercise, horseback riding, swimming and skiing. Moreover, Betty's habit of wearing 5-inch heels, have made her limbs exceptionally powerful. I have never seen a man last more than one minute in Betty's scissors hold. One man ended up in a doctor's care after an encounter with her pulverizing head-scissors.

You may wonder what it is like being married to a woman like Betty. Our honeymoon cottage was the scene of the most surprising hours of my life. It was there that Betty let me know the real Betty.

I love every minute of my marriage. I wouldn't want my wife any other way.

R.W., New York City

Dear Editor:

EXOTIQUE prints quite a lot about the treatment wives give their husbands, also vice-versa; but I have often wondered why you don't receive more letters concerning unmarried dolls and guys and their unconventional bobbies. . . . or maybe you do receive them, but don't print them. If so, why?

I am engaged to a fellow twenty-six years old, a college graduate, who has done his bit in the army and is well-acquainted with various forms of discipline, both in and out of the service.

We see each other three times a week. I conceived the idea, and by means of sly feminine trickery forced my boy friend to agree to my terms - that on our dates, I am the boss - in complete control. He didn't quite understand the deal, but agreed to it nevertheless. He promised to obey all my orders. I suspected that it would be just what the doctor ordered for both of us. It has been just that.

Sometimes, I order him to take me to a night club or the theatre. He is told to dress in a certain way, how to act, when to talk, when to be silent. He is also told what sort of a gift or love offering he is to present to me. He must be humble and respectfully attentive at all times. An anklet that I got for him, reminds him that he is my love-slave.

At home, I sometimes make him wait on me band-and-foot while wearing a satin maid's outfit

that I got for him. He also must wear spike-heeled patent pumps and black mesh stockings. He loves it, too . . . and so do I.

Miss R.W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Your publications are read with great interest, but I feel that certain things could be added.

Admittedly, a great number of your readers are lovers of fine feminine clothing, I among them, but certain considerations should be made to our individual tastes. We all appreciate, and sometimes wear, the fine garments you feature, but there seems to be a definite disinterest and sometimes a hostility towards some other types of female garments. This is indicated by an article which advised the reader to "throw away their girdles and panty-girdles in favor of the corset alone!"

Some of us cannot agree with this school of thought. Nor can we understand why the so-called long-line bras are never shown on your models.

Please accept these criticisms as well intended. We fully realize the problems with which you are faced, but we can't be blamed for hoping that some day - soon, we will be able to pick up an issue that is truly - all encompassing. Until then, keep up your fine work. You're doing a great job and I'm with you all the way.

T.C., New York, N. Y.





"HUSBAND TO MAID" . . . .

by

Ellen Randolph

\* \* \*

The early dawn sky was pierced with jagged streaks of sunlight as Ronnie stuck the key into the front door of his house. If only his wife, Pam, would still be asleep, he would escape her hitting wrath. She was always furious if he spent a night out with the boys--but this morning he would suffer more than ever. In addition to staying out late, he had been drinking heavily--he had to do something to forget his troubles. He was fired from his job early that day. Too much drinking. Ronnie shuddered to think what Pam might do to him when she found out.

The door creaked slightly and he tiptoed into the front hall, shutting the door



silently behind him. He knelted down, removed the patent-leather shiny black shoes that Pam had bought him for a birthday gift. He rubbed the gloss with his sleeve. They sparkled in the dim light.

"So--you come home drunk again!"

Ronnie dropped the shoes in sudden fright. He had hoped to sneak into bed, unheard but now he was discovered. He knelted before Pam, cowering in fright.

"Pick those shoes up," she demanded. "Don't you dare try to spoil them."

Instantly, the obsequious husband obeyed. He trembled as he listened to her say: "You don't have to tell me. You went out and got drunk--and you lost your job also. Well, I'm sick and tired of it all. If you can't keep a job and support us, then I'll go out and work and you can stay home and do all the washing, cooking, and cleaning."

"I only had a little drink," Ronnie murmured, holding the glossy shoes tenderly in his hands, not daring to stand up.

"Shut up!" Pam's order was like the

sharp crack of a whip. He flinched and knelted silently.

She was very angry. She could hardly stand still and kept walking back and forth. Surprisingly enough, at this dawn hour, Pam was dressed in street clothes. Evidently, she had not bothered to undress last night; had waited up for him. He shivered to think of how she would punish him for drinking and losing his job, to boot. Well, he reasoned, he had it coming to him and was prepared to be chastised. It would teach him a lesson. He glanced up at Pam, pacing back and forth.

She was wearing a tight skirt, made of fire-red satin, almost the color of blood. Her blouse was stretched almost skin tight about her shoulders. Made of soft black kid-skin, she had it fastened up to her chin, like a high collar, with tiny leather buttons. She looked imprisoned in this leather house, almost being choked. The collar was drawn tight against her throat, up to her chin. Above, the whiteness of her face was in stark contrast to the confining blouse. She glowered at Ronnie and he lowered his eyes, afraid to arouse her ire that he had been staring at her. His eyes halted at her legs. She wore jet black

patent-leather boots--the same quality leather as his own shoes only her heels were a perfect five inches high. Pencil thin, they made a sharp, slapping sounds as she paced back and forth. On the bare floor, Ronnie could see tiny sparks shooting out. There were metal taps on the heels and toes. The boots were laced up in the back. The eyelets were so tiny, it required delicate and patient handling to fasten all of them. They were not ordinary metal eyelets--but made of stainless steel, riveted into boots. The laces were shiny black leather. To fasten the eyelets required tugging and pulling. Often, Pam would grunt and groan, complaining that its tightness almost squeezed her breath out. But Ronnie admired her for her courage and stamina and she never became discouraged and fastened the laced up to the very top--which was her knee.

Her waist was encircled with a broad leather strap--white kidskin, it was, making her quite a colorful character. The strap was fastened together behind her with a tiny chain mail clasp. As she paced back and forth, Ronnie quivered. Her tap-tapping heels frightened him. He kept very quiet.

"And if I have to go out and take a man's

job so that both of us are supported, Ronnie, you'll have to stay home and become--" she laughed and the sound was menacing, coming from her leather enclosed throat--"the woman of the house...in every respect, that is."

"But I won't drink any more," Ronnie whined.

"You've had enough chances. It's almost morning and I have no more time to waste." She stopped pacing and glared down at him. "There are a lot of dishes to be done, washing, cleaning, and ironing. I want you to do all the housework from now on while I go out and hold down a job. But you've got your good clothes on and I don't want them to get soiled. Come into the parlor and I'll give you your working clothes."

Ronnie placed the shiny black leather shoes on a chair and followed his wife. In the parlor, she went to the closet and brought out a number of clothing items--all women's items.

"B-but," he stammered, afraid to speak up, "Pam, what are you going to make me wear?" He looked at the satin slip she was placing on the couch, the wispy lingerie,

the long black mesh stage hose and then--the metal corset. He shivered as he thought of this corset--he had bought it for her once from a French sailor who needed some quick cash. It looked like black satin, the garter belts awishing at the bottom. But the sailor told him that satin was just the outside. Inside it was made of chain metal, like the knights would wear in the old days. Once laced up in that, the entire body was held rigid and imprisoned,

"You're going to put on all of these clothes," Pam said as she tossed some more items on the couch.

"But I promise..." Ronnie moaned,

"Oh, shut your mouth," she snapped, then turned, facing him, her hands on her white kidskin belted hips. "Now, stop wasting my time. There's lots of housework for you to do. Take off your clothes."

"Oh, all right," Ronnie sighed, knowing there was no changing her mind. Down deep, he wanted to weep because she was making him do housewife's work. He divested himself of his suit, then the shirt and stood in his stocking feet.

"Get rid of that underwear," she snapped, giggling slightly. "How can you men wear such uninteresting shorts and T-shirt, made of disgusting white cotton cloth?"

"Please," flushed Ronnie, "I'll catch cold." He could not stand such humiliation any farther.

She clenched her fists. "You've got this coming to you, Ronnie. Losing one job after the next. I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget. It isn't easy to stand over a hot sink, washing and cooking all day while you go out and have fun. You're going to do the housework for a time--until you learn how to hold down a job. For the last time, Ronnie--get that horrible underwear off. It's revolting."

Ronnie hooked his thumbs into the tight elastic of his briefs and they slipped down around his ankles. He kicked them away. He then freed himself of his T-shirt with a jerking motion. It landed in a heap beside the shorts. Pam was not even looking at him as he stood, shivering and cowering, so utterly defenseless before a woman. She began sorting out among the clothes on the couch.

"Here," she handed him a pair of black

scanties, spidery in look. "Put them on," She watched him closely as he slipped into them. "A perfect fit," she cheered. "You've got good measurements. Now," she handed him a bra to match. "I'll help you put this on." She brought the tight black garment over his slumped shoulders. He was so humiliated, he wondered how long he could stand this shame without bursting out into tears. He was grateful for the black lace scanties. It helped calm down some of the deep shame that enveloped his emotions. A sudden tightening against his shoulder blades brought him out of his reverie. The bra was an almost perfect fit except that his chest was too broad.

"Muscle man, eh?" she mumbled as she squeezed the fasteners together behind his back. "Let's see how much you can pack in. Throw your shoulders back. Come on, time's wasting. Take a deep breath and then let it all out. I want your chest deflated."

When he did as ordered, with one violent heave, she had him virtually imprisoned in the confining bra. His shoulders were almost pinned back in a strong hold and his arms could be lifted only to a certain height. "They're too tight," he gasped. "I can't breathe."

"You'll get used to it."

Helpless, he watched her bring over the metal corset. Fear clutched at his throat. Oh no, she wouldn't imprison him in that garment. She read his thoughts and became more understanding.

"Look, Ronnie, if you're going to do housework, you've got to dress for the part. You'll be dressed completely in women's clothing and then you'll find it so much better doing the washing and scrubbing. Come on, now, be a good sport."

He sighed. "Very well, Pam. I'll do as you say."

She fastened the corset around his waist and lower chest. The upper part fit perfectly with the padded bra. At first, as she began tightening the leather strings, Ronnie did not flinch. But the sharp mail metal inside the corset began to squash him--or so he felt. He took deep gulps of breath but he felt choked and imprisoned. Tighter and tighter were the strings made until the job was finished. Ronnie felt as if he were being squeezed in a long metal tube pipe--so tight was the corset. He was grateful that his arms were free. The French sailor

had another corset, exactly like this chain mail type except that it came with chain mail gloves--fastened to the sides. Luckily, Ronnie did not have enough money with him at the time and could not buy it. He shuddered at the thought of being so confined,

"Cold, dear?" Pam asked solicitously.

"No," he gasped.

"Well, let's complete the outfit," She brought over a pair of long mesh stockings, the stage hose type. This was a problem because bending at the waist was very difficult but Ronnie decided to get it over with quickly. He had lots of housework to do. He knew that Wednesday morning meant many dishes in the kitchen sink and he wanted to get started. He said, "I'll sit down on the arm of this chair and you put on the silk stockings."

Her fingers worked swiftly. His feet were really well formed and despite the thickness of his calf muscles, the stockings fit quite well. The tops were fastened to the garters. A sharp pain jabbed at his upper thighs. He glanced down to see the metal fasteners of the garters biting deeply into his flesh. A red welt would remain. The insides of his thighs

were being subjected to equal if not more excruciating punishment, from the other fasteners.

"They hurt," he wailed.

"You'll get used to it," she hushed the issue aside. "Now, walk over here and I'll help you put on these boots."

Walking caused the metal garter snaps to bite as ferociously as an animal. What would the boys say at the swimming club, Ronnie wondered, when they saw the red welts. The metal corset kept him so stiff, he could hardly bend over. The only enjoyable garment were the black lace scanties. They felt so delightful and soft against his hips and thighs; Pam was right. Men's underwear is so disgusting. Here, the spidery looking panties fit so snug and tight on his hips that it was a genuine pleasure to be able to wear them. Women had such wonderful clothes. Even the corset and bra--tight as they were, gave him a secure feeling. Men's shirts and pants were sloppy and always made him feel uncomfortable. Pam didn't have a had idea at that. He decided that the initial shock of a man wearing a woman's clothing precluded all possibilities of enjoyment. But once a man got used to it,

why, it was really lots of fun.

He followed her to the other end of the room, the cool morning breeze slapping playfully at his exposed shoulders, lightly attired hips and stockinged feet. But not for long. Pam had another treasure awaiting--the high heeled boots he had bought for her birthday. Always, he had a secret desire to know what they felt like, to be wearing them. The heels were stilt like--exactly five and one-half inches high, the salesman said. Made you feel like walking on air. Pam helped him slip his feet inside. They were metal-hard within but by now, he was beginning to enjoy this confinement, of sorts. They laced up in the back. The laces were tight. He was glad the boots were a snug fit. His feet were almost the same size as Pam's. The leather laces went all the way up to his hips, almost meeting the garter belt which was fastened to the stockings. When the task was done, Pam brought out a kidskin skirt which went around Ronnie's waist and fastened at the side by three leather buttons. To complete the outfit, she brought a soft, nylon blouse and put this on him. Then she helped him walk over to the mirror.

He was astonished at himself. But for

his hair, cropped close, he could have passed for any attractive, leather-clad, high-heeled boot girl on the street. Yes, he reasoned, he was well suited for housewifely duties, looking this way. And the heels--what a delightful feeling to walk around, listening to the hard tap-tap--it gave him a feeling of power. He was master over all, with these heels. If he could bend--but no, the chain mail corset held him erect and upright--he could see the tiny sparks darting out from the almost unbelievably narrow toes.

And so, Ronnie became the housewife, cooking, washing, and cleaning while Pam went out, got a good job and brought home the bacon, so to speak. Of course, she had to do the shopping herself. Too many inquiring eyes would get Ronnie in trouble if he appeared in public, dressed like a woman. He yearned to walk the streets like this. But, he sighed, that was impossible. He scrubbed the floors, made the beds, washed and cleaned and cooked. Gradually, he learned to put the clothes on himself. But one thing still bothered him--how could he make the corset tighter? He wanted it so tight that he could scarcely breathe. Oh well. Practice makes perfect, he concluded.

He loved to look at himself. His nylon



blouse, tight against his chest, the padded bra jutting out like twin peaks on a volcano. The shoulders, thrown back, made him look statuesque. His waist was wasp like, held in tight by the chain mail corset. His legs were attractive, the calf muscles bunched in so tight, showing slightly through the stage hose. And the shiny, black leather boots. It was a shame to cover up his legs but, you can't have everything. Laced up tight and confining, making his legs almost stiff like boards, the boots gave him a tilt at his ankle that was very attractive to behold.

In this feminine attire, Ronnie became the housewife--so much did he enjoy this work that weeks later when Pam announced that if he learned his lesson, he could go back to work, Ronnie said, "I don't think I can. I love to wear women's clothing and only at home can I do it. So, I'm going to stay home from now on where I can wear a corset, black mesh undies, snug bra and best of all--these wonderful hip length boots."

Pam ruffled his hair which had grown so long it was ready to be treated with a home permanent set she bought for him. "That's the boy...uh, I mean--that's the housewife."

THE END . .





Dear Editor:

Imagine my delight upon seeing the fantastic shoes on page 20 of your issue no. 14 of EXOTIQUE. Not long ago, I had the pleasure of escorting a very attractive young lady for an evening in New York City. She wore a shoe on her right foot resembling almost exactly what you illustrated.

This charming young lady was crippled to such an extent that she had to wear a very high platform shoe on her right foot to compensate for that leg being somewhat shorter than the other. But what a beautiful shoe this was! The heel was slender and of extraordinary height and there was a platform at least 4-inches high. The shoe was held firmly in place by means of two leather straps fitted with buckles over an exaggerated, but well-formed high instep. The left shoe was also good-looking and with a high-heel, but nothing to compare with that on the right foot. I feel sure that I had the distinction that evening of being with the girl wearing the highest heels to be found in the entire city - if not the whole country.

My little friend walked with a peculiar and graceful rolling motion. With each step on the right foot, she bent forward to a remarkable degree. Her large and well-formed breasts became even more prominent, while her shapely hips would jut out at an exciting angle - and all the while balanced on this extraordinary high-heel platform shoe.

To heighten this fantastic display of high-heel beauty, the night was damp and some rain had fallen. My beautiful little crippled friend was garbed in a gorgeous white, rubber raincoat which contrasted sharply with that tremendously, high-heel patent leather shoe.

After an hour or so of walking, we wound up in a fine old-fashioned German restaurant. The sweet little girl seemed to sense my delight and interest in her unusual footwear. Her right foot extended in the aisle next to her seat in a manner that it was visible for all to see. It wasn't long before many eyes were focused in amazement on her shoe. Dinner was a gay and happy affair and when we finished she was all smiles as we walked out the door - with all eyes following her.

The pleasures to be gained from association with the physically handicapped are often obscured by a false sense of values. To be sure, their gratitude and appreciation of affection is most rewarding and you can take this sound advice from one who knows.

B.W., New York City

Dear Editor:

I have been an avid reader of EXOTIQUE ever since I first came in contact with it. I have always thought that each issue surpassed the preceding

one. I am the owner of an exclusive shoe store in London and for the past few years I have specialized in theatrical shoes of all types. Right now I carry in stock over forty different styles - all with heels from 11cm. to 20 cm. (4½ to 6 in.).

I am enclosing a photo taken in my special Theatrical Fitting Room. The model in the photo is "Collette" - a music hall favorite. She is trying on a multi-platform sandal with leg-ties and featuring 8-inch spike heels.

I will forward you some additional photos for use in your excellent magazine just as soon as I am able to have them developed.

R.S., London, England

Dear Editor:

I am a fan of sheer stockings held up by a garter-belt or panty-girdle.

I first became acquainted with EXOTIQUE in a strange way. I was in a hospital in New York at the time, and one of my attendant nurses was a very attractive blonde. She always wore sheer nylon uniforms - usually without a slip underneath. I could easily make out the form of her garter belt underneath and the metal clasps which attached to the stockings made definite dimples in the material. She evidently realized that I was watching her, because one day, she smiled at me and calmly proceeded to raise her dress up above her stocking-tops



See letter from R.S., London . . .

and adjust her already straight seams.

The next day she came into my room and handed me a copy of EXOTIQUE. She asked me if I had ever seen it before and when I replied that I hadn't, she promised to bring me all the back issues that she had at home.

After I was released from the hospital, I managed to secure a date with the charming nurse and she further educated me in the bizarre and unusual. She always made it a point to wear the most extreme and clinging dresses that she could find and her stockings were always of a dark shade. Her shoes usually were made with sky-high heels and she always managed to make-up in a really exotic manner - nothing at all like the prim nurse that I had first met.

Since returning home I have continued to correspond with her and can hardly wait until my next visit to N. Y.

R.S., Detroit, Mich.

Dear Ed:

Again I see that you feel the snapshots of me were good enough to be printed in EXOTIQUE. Several of my friends have recognized my picture and have encouraged me to go even further in allowing myself to be photographed for your wonderful book in my various corsets and boots. One young lady friend of mine even got the idea that

she would like to emulate me. She visited me the other day and insisted that I strap a wide 6-inch leather belt around her waist and pull it so tightly that she certainly must have felt like she was being cut in two parts.

I am enclosing another snap taken just last week. I am wearing a thrilling new satin corset that pulls in my waist to just under 22-inches. The hoots were made for me in England and fit me to a 'T'. The heels are exactly 5½ inches.

I expect a new leather corset with an even smaller waist to arrive in the next few weeks, and I'll be sure and send you some more photos at that time.

Miss M.W., New York City

Dear Editor:

I am married to a beautiful girl who is only interested in making me happy. Shortly



after our marriage, it became obvious to her that I had a strange weakness for extreme footwear. With no further ado, she proceeded to stock her wardrobe with the most thrilling and exciting shoes and boots that she could buy. At last count, she had over thirty-five different pairs of shoes - all with heels of 5-inches and over.

At night when we are alone, she likes nothing better than to sit me down and parade in front of me clad in nothing more than sheer stockings, garter-belt, tight nylon panties - AND her latest shoe creations. My favorite pair is a black patent leather, ankle-strap sandal with 6-inch spikes. She has never worn these particular shoes out in public yet, but she has already promised me that she would do so very shortly.

At our last dance that we attended, she wore a new pair of red velvet pumps with open toes and with 5½ inch heels.

I feel that if more women would pay attention to their footwear more, there would be many more happy men in this otherwise gloomy world of ours. Here's to higher and higher heels. . .

J.K., Atlanta, Georgia



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# "Mistress"

by  
GAIL BLAKE

**SINOP:** THE GODDESS OF "BIZARRE MANOR," RING LEADER OF A RED SPY ORGANIZATION, HAS BEEN NOTIFIED BY HER SUPERIORS IN THE KREMLIN THAT AN INFORMER IS AMONG THEM. OLGA, THE "GODDESS" HAS SUMMONED HER TWO AIDS, THE BARONESS, NEEHAH MISTRESS & SAGOSKI.

BARONESS, YOU WILL CHECK THE REGISTAR... FIND OUT WHAT NEW ENTRIES WERE MADE TONIGHT. BARON SAGOSKI, YOU WILL SEARCH THE STREET CLOTHING OF ALL THE SUSPICIONED ONES THE BARONESS SUPPLIES YOU WITH---ACT SWIFTLY!

WHO EVER IS GIVING OUT INFORMATION CONCERNING OUR ACTIVITIES MUST BE FOUND TONIGHT!!



JUST AS YOU TWO SEARCH FOR THE INFORMER, I SHALL DO A BIT OF CLEUTHING. A CHECK UPON THE BOTTLER OF YOU IS IN ORDER. EVERYONE IS UNDER SUSPICION!!

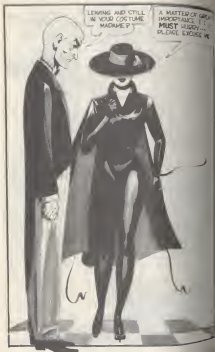


MEANWHILE, NEEHAH, CONCEALED IN A BLACK EMBROIDERED COSTUME, MAKES FOR THE DOOR!!



NEEHAH AND TANA BOTH HAVE DISAPPEARED. WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED?? LAST I SAW OF THE DUCHESS TANA, SHE WAS DOWN'EM UP WITH THAT FELLOW IN THE COWBOY OUTFIT. HMM... I WONDER!!





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Published by  
BUEMEL PUBLISHING CO.  
New York, N. Y.

No. 19

# Exotique

CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE



A NEW PUBLICATION OF THE  
FISARRE AND THE UNUSUAL